NO. 45
PEP
the SHIELD
JAN.
COMICS
10¢
Archie
SURE IS
FLYING
HIGH
!!
AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD AND DUSTY
the BOY DETECTIVE
IN
MURDER ON PARADE
by IRV NOVICK
WHAT WAS THE HORROR THAT TURNED A PLAYFUL APE INTO A MAN-KILLER! THAT MADE HARMLESS SOULS INTO SAVAGE SNARLING INSTRUMENTS OF MURDER! THAT EVEN MADE DUSTY LUST FOR THE SHIELD'S BLOOD?!
1

SWELL DAY FOR A WALK, DUSTY! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE ZOO, AND WATCH "APO"
GOOD IDEA! THAT GORILLA'S ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW!
BOY, QUITE A CROWD COLLECTED IN FRONT OF HIS CAGE TODAY!
YEAH! GUESS A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE HAD THE SAME IDEA!
HAW, HAW... LOOK AT APO PLAYING WITH THE CROWD! AIN'T HE A RIOT, JOE?!
SUDDENLY THE CLUMSY, LOVABLE APE LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE TRAPEZE, AND COMES CRASHING DOWN...
CRUMP!

HAW, HAW, LOOKIT APO! HE'S CRYIN'!
FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN HIM DO!
ISN'T HE JUST TOO CUTE!
SUDDENLY A STRANGE BIRD FLITS INTO APO'S CAGE!
.. APO FORGETS HIS CRYING! AND TO THE CROWD'S GREAT AMUSEMENT PURSUES THE ELUSIVE BIRD...
RUN
THAT BIRD'S DRIVING APO WILD! I BETTER GET IT OUTA THE CAGE!
KEEPER

APO! STOP TEARING AT THOSE BARS!!
EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW! THE BIRD'S OUT OF THE CAGE! HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, APO!
GRRRR...
NO, APO! DON'T!... UGHHH...
IN A FLASH THE DUO LAUNCH FORTH AS SHIELD AND DUSTY!.
GREAT SCOTT! THAT APE'S KILLING HIM!

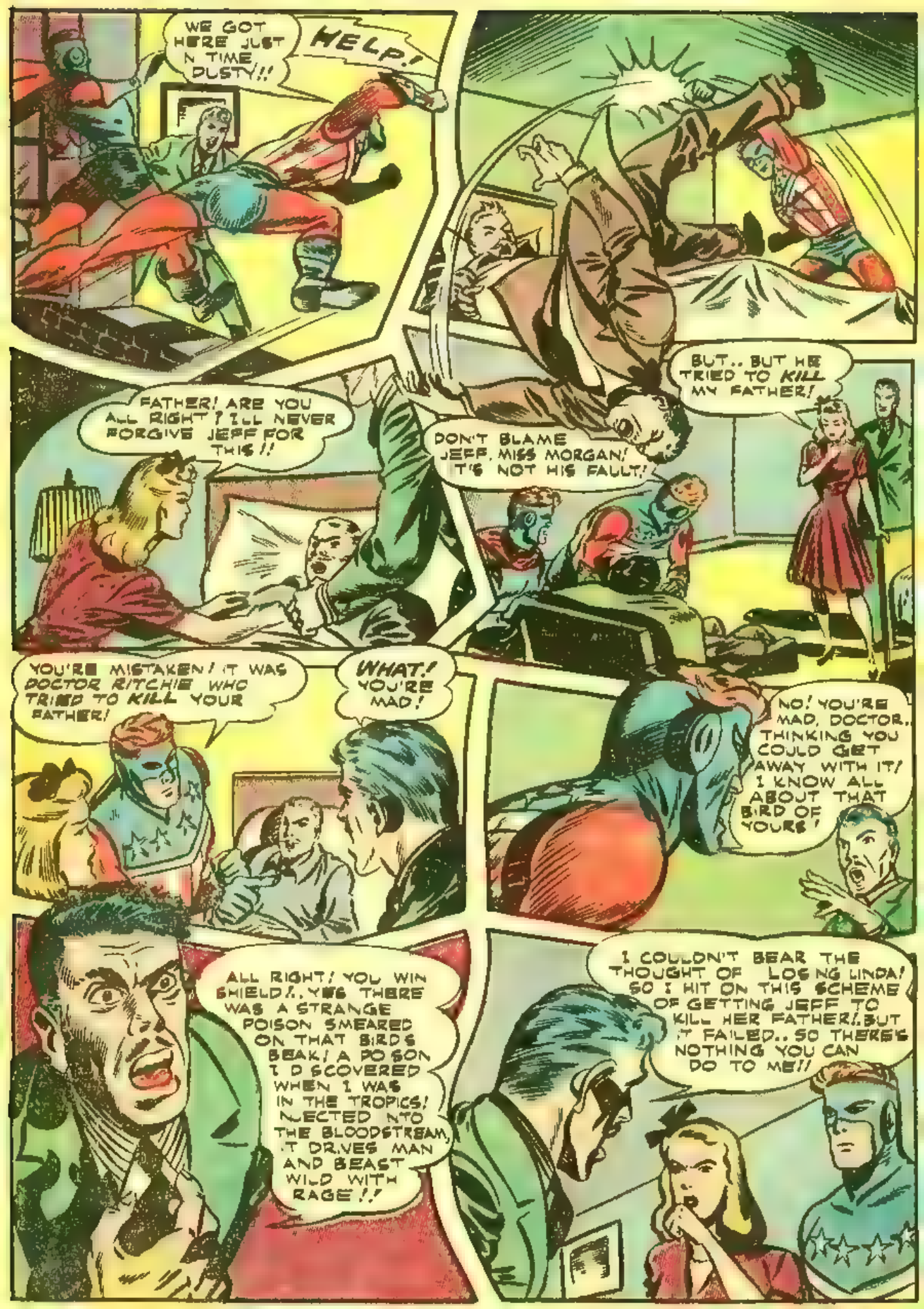
AARRHHHH
THUNK
UGH!
HE'S GOT THE SHIELD! I GOTTA DO SOMETHING QUICK!
SNARL
AND THIS IS IT!
YEEOWWW

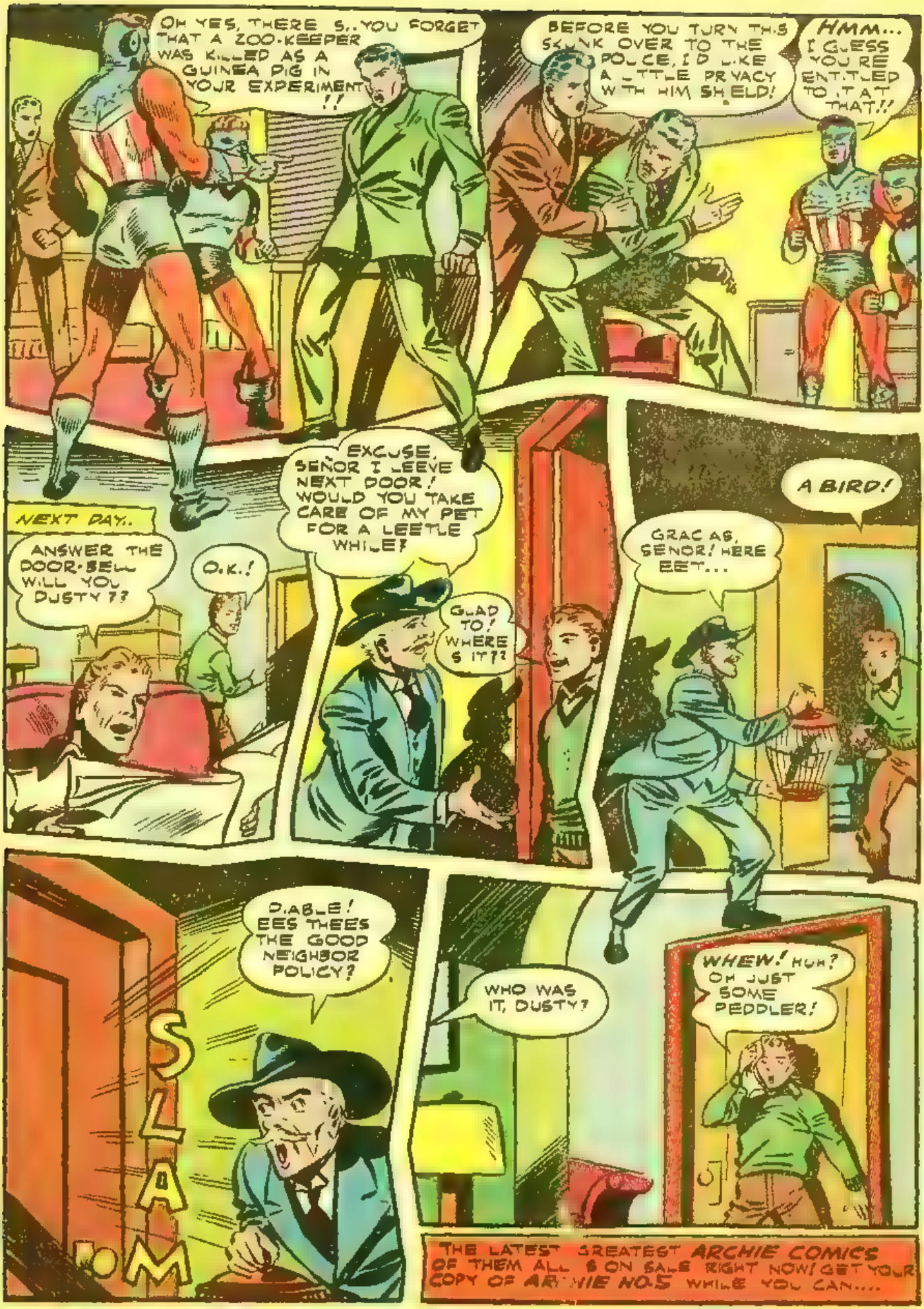
NOW, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT POOR KEEPER!
IT'S SAFE TO GO IN NOW, DOC!
THANKS, I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR UNFORTUNATE FELLOW-KEEPER!
I'M DR. RITCHIE! I WAS ONE OF THE SPECTATORS WHEN THIS TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED!
I DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH YOU CAN DO FOR THIS POOR GUY DOC!
HMM.. NO HEART BEAT!
YOU MEAN HE'S...
YES, HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT! TOO BAD! THAT APE HAS ALMOST TORN HIM TO SHREDS!
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, THAT APO, WHO'S ALWAYS BEEN SO AMIABLE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS!
AFTER THE DOCTOR LEAVES THE CAGE, DUSTY'S KEEN EYE SPOTS SOMETHING...
IT'S DOC. RITCHIE'S INSTRUMENT CASE! HIS NAME AND ADDRESS ARE ON IT!
WELL! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH IT?!
RETURN IT TO HIM, OF COURSE! C'MON!!

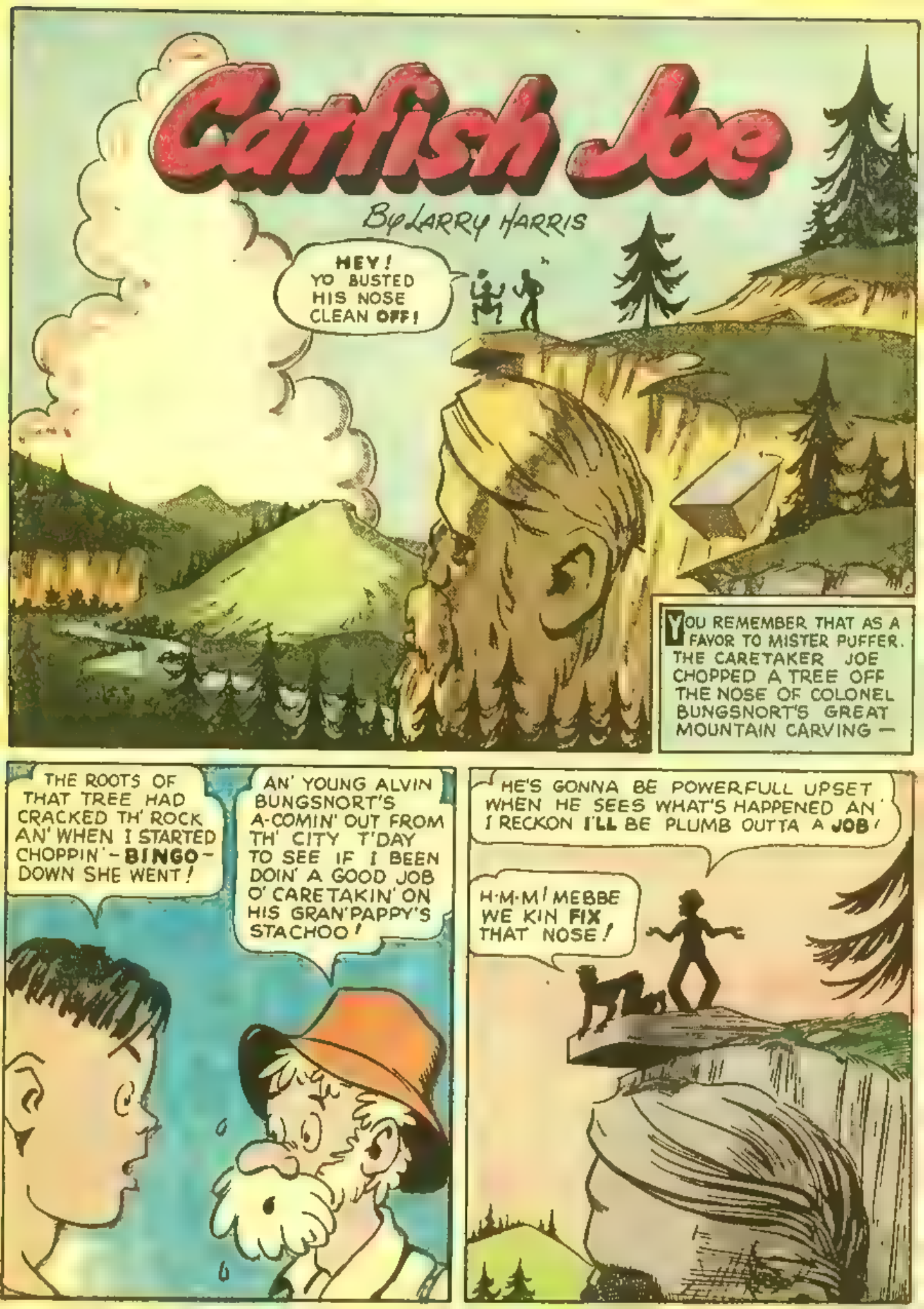
IS DR. RITCHIE IN?
(GULP) THE SHIELD! ER.. YES! WON'T YOU COME IN??
THANKS, VERY MUCH FOR RETURNING THIS! STUPID OF ME TO HAVE FORGOTTEN IT!!
THAT'S OKAY, DOC!
WELL, WHADDA YOU KNOW? THIS BIRD LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE THAT ANNOYED APO!
YEOW-OH! HEY!
OOO!... DRAT THAT BIRD!
HERE, LET ME DRESS IT FOR YOU!
AW, NEVER MIND, DOC.! IT'S NOTHING!
SAY... WHAT'S THE MATTER, DUSTY? YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD SINCE WE LEFT THE DOC'S OFFICE!!
N... NOTHING, I.. I GUESS!!
BUT SUDDENLY, A WILD GLEAM LIGHTS DUSTY'S EYES.. AND HIS FACE BECOMES A TWISTED THING OF OF HATE!..
..AND VICIOUSLY, HE FLINGS HIMSELF AT THE DUMBFOUNDED SHIELD..
WHA.. OOF!

I'LL KILL YOU, SHIELD.. I'LL KILL YOU!
DUSTY!. WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?. SNAP OUT OF IT, WILL YOU ?!
SORRY, LAD!.. BUT I'VE GOT TO DO THIS.. FOR YOUR SAKE !!
DUSTY, LAD! SPEAK TO ME! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?!
THANK HEAVEN! HE'S COMING TO! THAT SOCK JOLTED HIM BACK TO HIS SENSES!
I'M OKAY NOW SHIELD BUT I . I WENT CRAZY RIGHT AFTER THAT BIRD BIT ME!
SUFFERING SASSAFRAS!. APO GOT WILD TOO, AFTER A BIRD BIT HIM.. THE SAME KIND THAT NIPPED DUSTY!
C'MON DUSTY WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE DOC'S PLACE!
DOC'S NOT HOME EH! WELL WHERE IS HE??
THAT SIR IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! GOOD NIGHT!
IT'LL BE A BAD NIGHT FOR YOU IF YOU DON'T START TALKING.. AND FAST!!

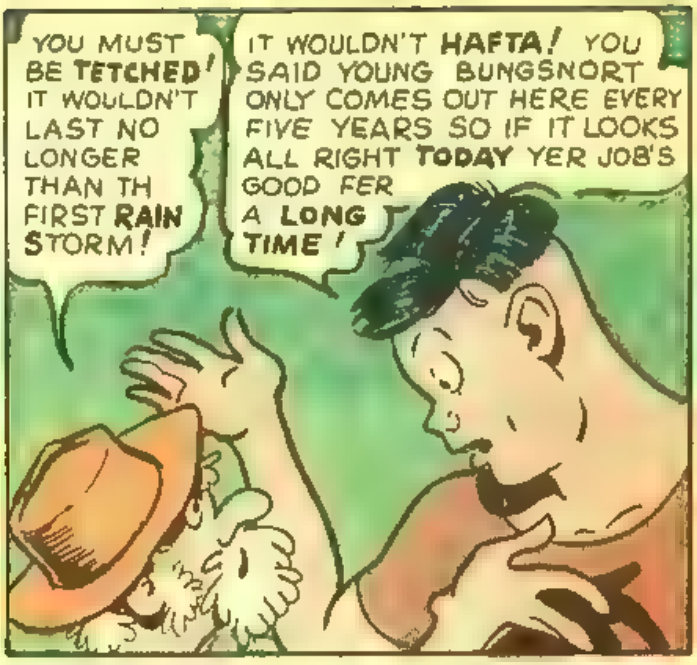
D..DON'T GET SORE, SHIELD!.. I..I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT IMPORTANT!.. HE'S AT THE MORGAN MANSION.. A SOCIAL VISIT! BEEN THEIR FAMILY DOCTOR FOR YEARS!
THE MILLIONAIRE MORGANS, EH? WELL, WE'RE PAYING THEM A SOCIAL VISIT TOO.. AND IF YOU LIKE YOUR NOSE IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE, YOU WON'T WARN YOUR BOSS WE'RE COMING!
C'MON DUSTY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!!
AT THE MORGAN MANSION...
I KNEW YOU'D WANT TO KNOW ABOUT JEFF AND LINDA'S ENGAGEMENT, DOC! THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU IMMEDIATELY!
CONGRATULATIONS, JEFF! HERE'S A LITTLE GIFT!
THE BEST MAN WON.. AND NO HARD FEELINGS! OOOPS.. THE BIRD'S ESCAPING! GET IT, WILL YOU, JEFF?
SURE THING, DOC!
OWW.. THE LITTLE THING'S BITING!!
JEFF, DEAR! YOUR FINGER'S BLEEDING!
FORGET IT!.. HOLD THE CAGE DOOR OPEN! I'LL PUT IT BACK!
WELL.. LET'S TALK ABOUT THE WEDDING PLANS! JEFF, WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?!
MY LORD!.. JEFF! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?! HELP! HEL..?!!


WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, DUSTY!!
HELP!
BUT.. BUT HE TRIED TO KILL MY FATHER!
FATHER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? I'LL NEVER FORGIVE JEFF FOR THIS!!
DON'T BLAME JEFF, MISS MORGAN! IT'S NOT HIS FAULT!
YOU'RE MISTAKEN! IT WAS DOCTOR RITCHIE WHO TRIED TO KILL YOUR FATHER!
WHAT! YOU'RE MAD!
NO! YOU'RE MAD, DOCTOR.. THINKING YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT! I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT BIRD OF YOURS!
ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN SHIELD!.. YES THERE WAS A STRANGE POISON SMEARED ON THAT BIRD'S BEAK! A POISON I DISCOVERED WHEN I WAS IN THE TROPICS! INJECTED INTO THE BLOODSTREAM, IT DRIVES MAN AND BEAST WILD WITH RAGE!!
I COULDN'T BEAR THE THOUGHT OF LOSING LINDA! SO I HIT ON THIS SCHEME OF GETTING JEFF TO KILL HER FATHER! BUT IT FAILED.. SO THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO ME!!

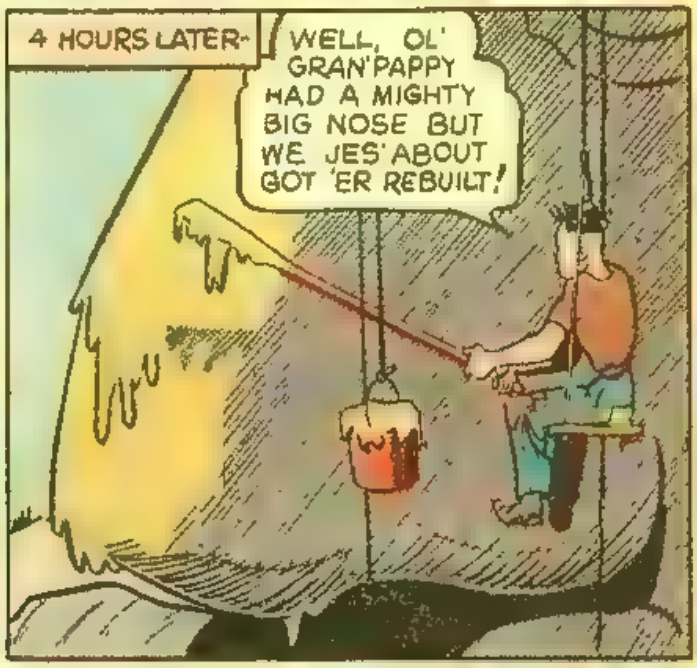

OH YES, THERE S..YOU FORGET THAT A ZOO-KEEPER WAS KILLED AS A GUINEA PIG IN YOUR EXPERIMENT !!
BEFORE YOU TURN THIS SKUNK OVER TO THE POLICE, I'D LIKE A LITTLE PRIVACY WITH HIM, SHIELD!
HMM... I GUESS YOU'RE ENTITLED TO THAT!!
NEXT DAY..
ANSWER THE DOOR-BELL WILL YOU DUSTY??
O.K.!
EXCUSE, SEÑOR I LEEVE NEXT DOOR! WOULD YOU TAKE CARE OF MY PET FOR A LEETLE WHILE?
GLAD TO! WHERE'S IT??
A BIRD!
GRACIAS, SEÑOR! HERE EET...
DIABLE! EES THEES THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY?
SLAM
WHO WAS IT, DUSTY?
WHEW! HUH? OH JUST SOME PEDDLER!
THE LATEST GREATEST ARCHIE COMICS OF THEM ALL IS ON SALE RIGHT NOW! GET YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE NO.5 WHILE YOU CAN....

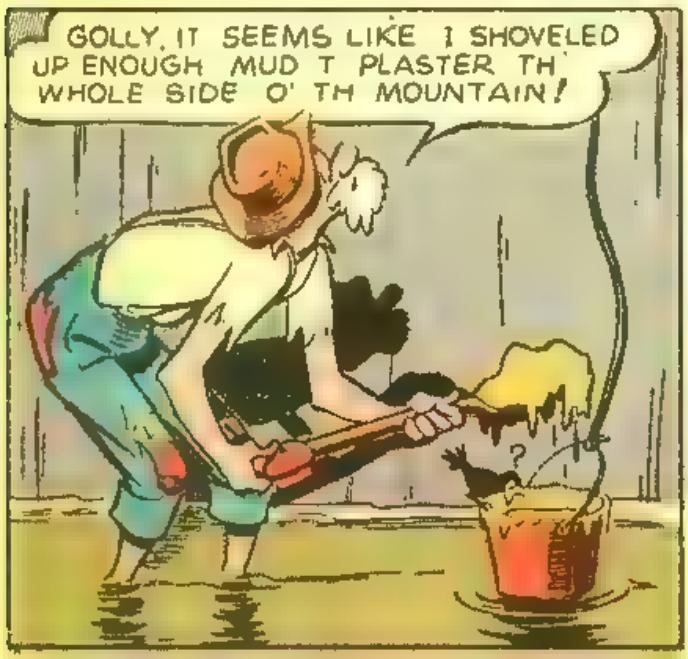

Catfish Joe
By Larry Harris
HEY! YO BUSTED HIS NOSE CLEAN OFF!
YOU REMEMBER THAT AS A FAVOR TO MISTER PUFFER. THE CARETAKER JOE CHOPPED A TREE OFF THE NOSE OF COLONEL BUNGSNORT'S GREAT MOUNTAIN CARVING —
THE ROOTS OF THAT TREE HAD CRACKED TH' ROCK AN' WHEN I STARTED CHOPPIN' - BINGO - DOWN SHE WENT!
AN' YOUNG ALVIN BUNGSNORT'S A-COMIN' OUT FROM TH' CITY T'DAY TO SEE IF I BEEN DOIN' A GOOD JOB O' CARETAKIN' ON HIS GRAN'PAPPY'S STACHOO!
HE'S GONNA BE POWERFULL UPSET WHEN HE SEES WHAT'S HAPPENED AN' I RECKON I'LL BE PLUMB OUTTA A JOB!
H-M-M! MEBBE WE KIN FIX THAT NOSE!

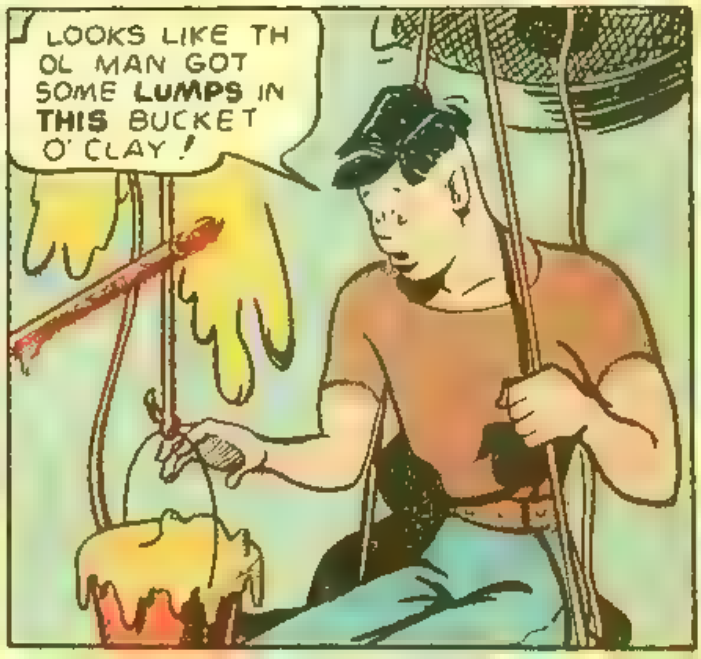
HUH! IT'D TAKE A PASSEL O STEAM ENGINES T' YANK THAT CHUNK O ROCK OUTTA TH' RIVER AN HIST IT BACK UP HERE!
BUT MEBBE WE COULD HIST UP BUCKETS OF CLAY AN MAKE A TEMPORARY NOSE!


YOU MUST BE TETCHED! IT WOULDN'T LAST NO LONGER THAN TH FIRST RAIN STORM!
IT WOULDN'T HAFTA! YOU SAID YOUNG BUNGSNORT ONLY COMES OUT HERE EVERY FIVE YEARS SO IF IT LOOKS ALL RIGHT TODAY YER JOB'S GOOD FER A LONG TIME!

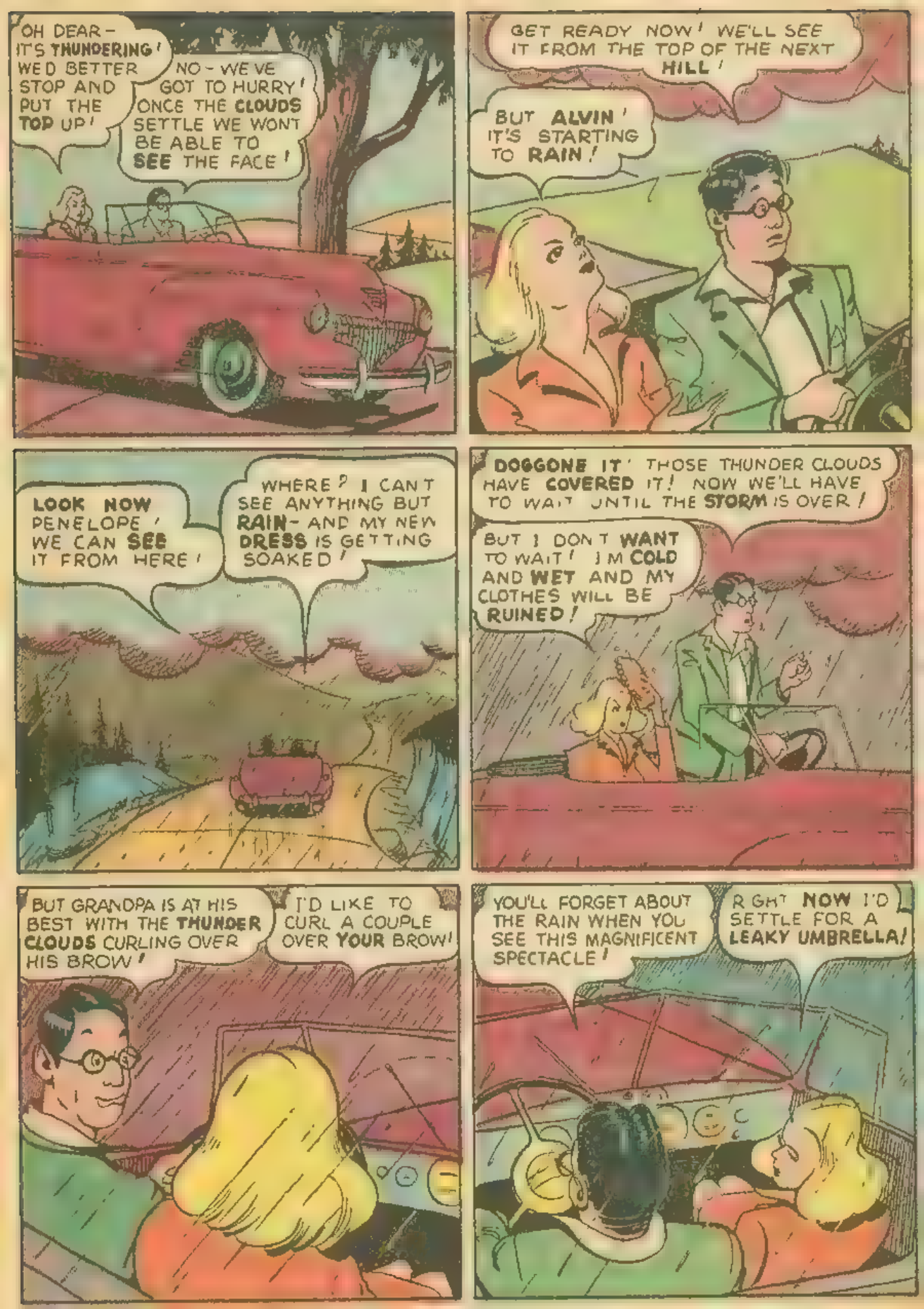
H-M M! IT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT WE CAINT BE SHOT FER TRYIN!
THEN WE BETTER GIT STARTED RIGHT AWAY!


4 HOURS LATER-
WELL, OL' GRAN'PAPPY HAD A MIGHTY BIG NOSE BUT WE JES' ABOUT GOT 'ER REBUILT!


GOLLY, IT SEEMS LIKE I SHOVELED UP ENOUGH MUD T PLASTER TH' WHOLE SIDE O' TH MOUNTAIN!


LOOKS LIKE TH OL MAN GOT SOME LUMPS IN THIS BUCKET O' CLAY!

TAITER HEAD!
WHAT TH'!? OL' CROW! HOW IN HECK DID YOU GIT IN THAR?
I'LL PUT YA HERE IN GRAN'-PAPPY'S EYE! IF YOU TRIED TO FLY NOW YOU'D FALL LIKE A ROCK!
STILL LATER-
I RECKON SHE'S ALL FINISHED, MR. PUFFER! I'M A-COMIN' DOWN ON TH' ROPE!
BY GOLLIES, SON, YER A GEENYUSS! I BET TH' OL' COLONEL HISSELF COULDN'T TELL THAT NOSE FROM TH' REAL ONE!
SHUCKS! 'TAINT NOTHIN!
RECKON I'D BETTER BE HEADIN' FER HOME! MEBBE YOU KIN TELL ME TH' WAY TO MUDCAT, MISSISSIPPI?
I NEVER HEERD O' MUDCAT BUT I 'SPECT MISSISSIPPI MUS' BE T' TH' SOUTH!
AT THIS MOMENT A CAR IS APPROACHING BUNGSNORT MOUNTAIN!
HOW THRILLING! TO HAVE YOUR OWN GRANDFATHER'S FACE CARVED ON THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN!
WELL, NATURALLY WE BUNGSNORTS DO FEEL RATHER PROUD!
GRANDFATHER WAS QUITE A HANDSOME OLD GENT! FOLKS SAY I RESEMBLE HIM AROUND THE NOSE!
GOODNESS! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE IT!

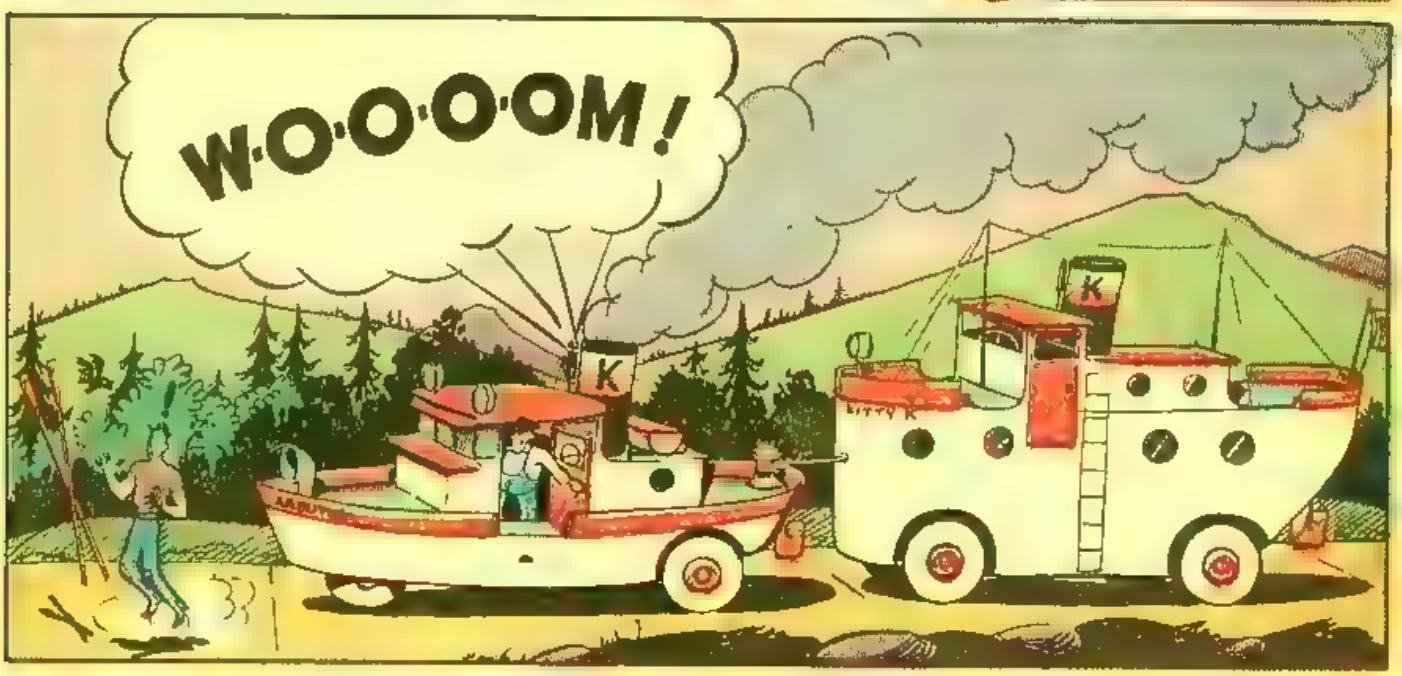

OH DEAR – IT'S THUNDERING! WE'D BETTER STOP AND PUT THE TOP UP!
NO – WE'VE GOT TO HURRY! ONCE THE CLOUDS SETTLE WE WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE THE FACE!
GET READY NOW! WE'LL SEE IT FROM THE TOP OF THE NEXT HILL!
BUT ALVIN! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!
LOOK NOW PENELOPE! WE CAN SEE IT FROM HERE!
WHERE? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BUT RAIN – AND MY NEW DRESS IS GETTING SOAKED!
DOGGONE IT! THOSE THUNDER CLOUDS HAVE COVERED IT! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THE STORM IS OVER!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO WAIT! I'M COLD AND WET AND MY CLOTHES WILL BE RUINED!
BUT GRANDPA IS AT HIS BEST WITH THE THUNDER CLOUDS CURLING OVER HIS BROW!
I'D LIKE TO CURL A COUPLE OVER YOUR BROW!
YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT THE RAIN WHEN YOU SEE THIS MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE!
RIGHT NOW I'D SETTLE FOR A LEAKY UMBRELLA!

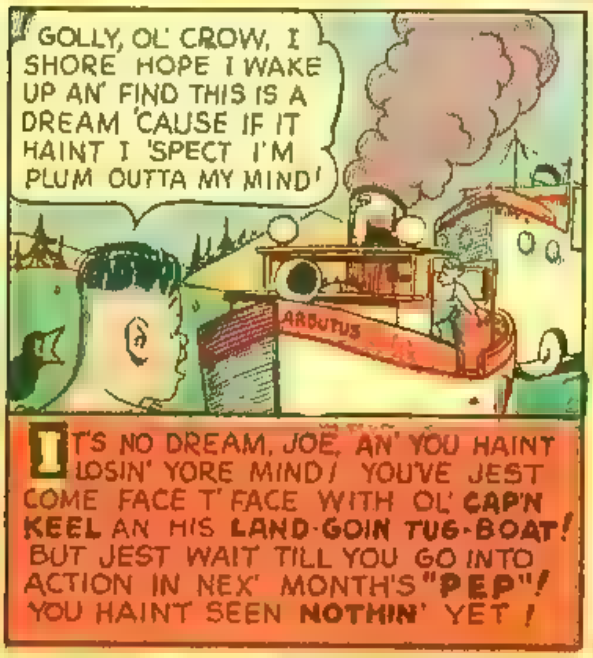
IT'S BEGINNING TO CLEAR! NOW WATCH RIGHT OVER THERE! AND DON'T FORGET TO NOTICE THE MAJESTIC BUNGSNORT NOSE!
KACHOO! THIS BETTER BE GOOD!
THERE IT IS! LOOK! A-W-W-K!
HA! YOUR GRANDPA MUST BE PART ELEPHANT!
WHAT THEY SAW
JOE IS HEADIN HOME -
WONDER HOW FAR IT IS TO MUDCAT? ME AN OL CROW WILL SURE BE GLAD T' GIT HOME!
OH OH! I LEFT OL CROW PARKED BACK THAR IN GRANPA BUNGSNORT'S EYE!

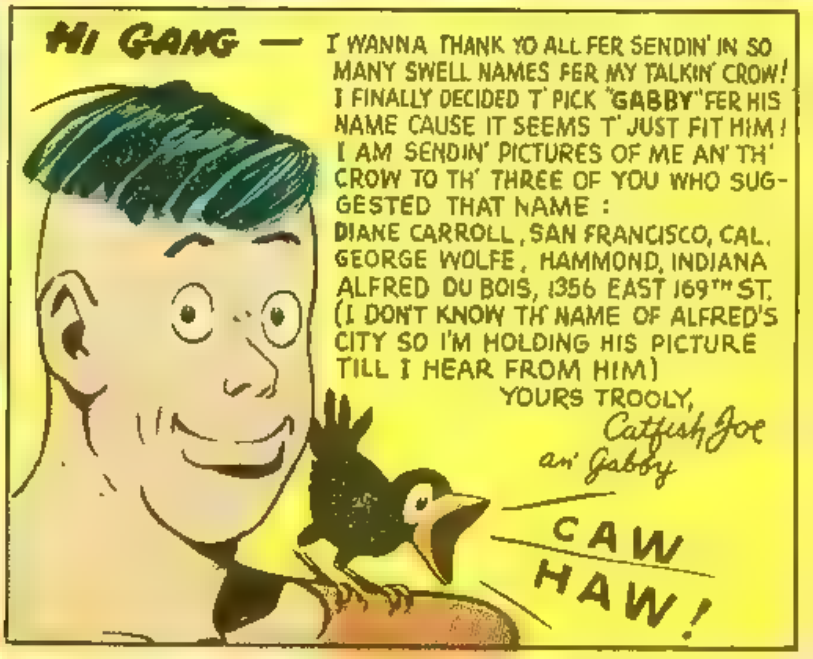
HE CAINT FLY WITH HIS FEATHERS FULL O' MUD! I'LL HAFTA GO RIGHT BACK AN GIT HIM!

CAW-HAW! TAITERHEAD! TAITERHEAD!
OL CROW HOW'D YOU EVER GIT HERE?
SKID

CAW-HAW-HAW-HAW!
OH, I SEE! TH' RAIN WASHED TH' MUD OUTTA YORE FEATHERS! I'M SHORE GLAD I DON'T HAFTA CLIMB BACK UP THAR AFTER YA!


W-O-O-O-O-M!
K
K
ARBUTUS


GOLLY, OL' CROW, I SHORE HOPE I WAKE UP AN' FIND THIS IS A DREAM 'CAUSE IF IT HAINT I 'SPECT I'M PLUM OUTTA MY MIND!
ARBUTUS
IT'S NO DREAM, JOE, AN' YOU HAINT LOSIN' YORE MIND! YOU'VE JEST COME FACE T' FACE WITH OL' CAP'N KEEL AN HIS LAND-GOIN TUG-BOAT! BUT JEST WAIT TILL YOU GO INTO ACTION IN NEX' MONTH'S "PEP"! YOU HAINT SEEN NOTHIN' YET!


HI GANG —
I WANNA THANK YO ALL FER SENDIN' IN SO MANY SWELL NAMES FER MY TALKIN' CROW! I FINALLY DECIDED T' PICK "GABBY" FER HIS NAME CAUSE IT SEEMS T' JUST FIT HIM! I AM SENDIN' PICTURES OF ME AN' TH' CROW TO TH' THREE OF YOU WHO SUGGESTED THAT NAME:
DIANE CARROLL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
GEORGE WOLFE, HAMMOND, INDIANA
ALFRED DU BOIS, 1356 EAST 169TH ST.
(I DON'T KNOW TH' NAME OF ALFRED'S CITY SO I'M HOLDING HIS PICTURE TILL I HEAR FROM HIM)
YOURS TROOLY,
Catfish Joe an' Gabby
CAW HAW!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS
DAIL
FINAL
VOL. 60 NO. 364
PRESS
WE DEDICATE THIS TALE TO AN UNSUNG HERO! THE WAR CORRESPONDENT
Very, very Sincerely Capt. Commando & the Boy Soldiers
BY GLEM HARRIS
THIS IS A TALE OF A WAR HERO! HE DOESN'T WEAR A UNIFORM OR EVEN CARRY A GUN! HIS WEAPONS ARE WORDS! HE NEVER WON A MEDAL ALTHOUGH HIS VALOR IS BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY! HIS NAME HAPPENS TO BE NEWEN NORTON! BUT HE'S MUCH PROUDER OF THE NAME - WAR CORRESPONDENT!
U.S.

OUR STORY BEGINS WHERE MOST STORIES END--IN A GRAVEYARD! CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS ARE DIGGING A SIMPLE SHALLOW GRAVE--
ALL RIGHT, FLATBUSH, HAND ME THE TYPE-WRITER!
WHAT'S THIS? A TYPEWRITER BEING BURIED!!
SO LONG, NEWSY NORTON! WE KNOW YOU'D WANT IT THIS WAY!
CAP, IS-- IS IT OKAY IF--IF I SAY A FEW WORDS OVER DAT GRAVE?
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! GO AHEAD FLATBUSH!
NEWSY, WHEREVER YOUSE ARE, I--I WANT YOUSE TO KNOW I'M SORRY FER THE HEEL I BEEN! YOUSE WUZ A BETTER MAN DAN I'LL EVER BE! S'LONG, PAL! WE'LL KEEP PUNCHIN'— FER YOUSE!
WHAT IS THE STORY BEHIND THIS STRANGE SCENE? A EULOGY OVER A TYPEWRITER? THE ANSWER IS OUR TALE! A TALE WELL WORTH REPEATING! IT ALL BEGAN WITH A ROUTINE COMMANDO FORAY---
HEY WAIT A MINUTE! YOU GUYS GOT YOURSELF A GUEST! YOURS TRULY NEWSY NORTON!
OFF INTO THE NIGHT ROARS THE PLANE BEARING ITS CARGO OF SUPERBLY TRAINED NAZI DEATH-DEALERS---

MY PAPER ASSIGNED ME TO COVER ONE OF YOUR RAIDS, CAPTAIN COMMANDO! HOW MANY ARMIES WE GONNA WIPE OUT TONIGHT!
LOOK HERE, NORTON! WE'RE HERE TO DO A JOB - NOT GET PUBLICITY!
YOU'VE GOT AN OFFICIAL PASS TO ACCOMPANY US, BUT IF YOU'VE GOT ANY GLAMOUROUS IDEAS ABOUT HEADLINES YOU'LL SOON LEARN DIFFERENTLY!
NO BODY ASKED YOU UGLY!
IF YA ASK ME CAP, DAT GUY'S JOB IS JUST ANNUDDER WAY TO DODGE DE DRAFT!
WHY YA SAWED OFF SHRIMP FER TWO CENTS I'D PIN YER EARS BACK!
IZZASSO, YOU REFUGE FROM A REFORM SCHOOL! THE BIGGEST NEWS ON THIS TRIP IS THEY GOT YOU FOR A MASCOT INSTEAD OF A BULLDOG!
HERE! CUT OUT THIS SQUABBLING YOU TWO!
WHY I'LL..
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER FLATBUSH! LAY OFF NORTON! HE'S GOT HIS JOB AND WE'VE GOT OURS!
AW OKAY CAP!
PREPARE YOUR MEN CAPTAIN COMMANDO! WE'RE OVER OUR OBJECTIVE!

OKAY LADS! LET'S RIDE!
GERONIMO
SO FAR SO GOOD! ALL SEEM TO BE PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR!
ONE MORE COMIN DOWN CAP! AND-AND-- HOLY COW!
LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING!
BOY! WOTTA YARN! EXPERIENCE OF A PARACHUTE JUMP FRESH OFF THE GRIDDLE! I'LL GET A BONUS FOR THIS!
CAP! DAT GUY'S JUST A PLAIN JOIK! WHY DON'T WE LEAVE 'IM BEHIND!
QUIET FLATBUSH!

I HEARD THAT YOU-- YOU BRAT! NOBODY'S LEAVING ME BEHIND SEE?
NOBODY-- CEPTIN YERSELF! WAIT'LL DE GOIN GTS HOT YOUSE'LL FOLD UP LIKE AN ACCORDION!
COME ON, BOYS! NO TIME TO WASTE! ON TO OUR OBJECTIVE --- THE AIRPORT!
GHOST IN THE NIGHT! AN AGILE SURE-FOOTED TIRELESS GHOST! A GHOST WHO STALKS THROUGH THE SHADOWS AS EASILY AS THE NORMAL MAN MIGHT CROSS A STREET IN DAYLIGHT- THIS IS A COMMANDO!
(PUFF) CAN'T KEEP UP WITH EM! (PUFF) THOSE GUYS AIN'T HUMAN!
OWOOO! WHAT NEXT..
WHAT TH--
BLUE BLUE

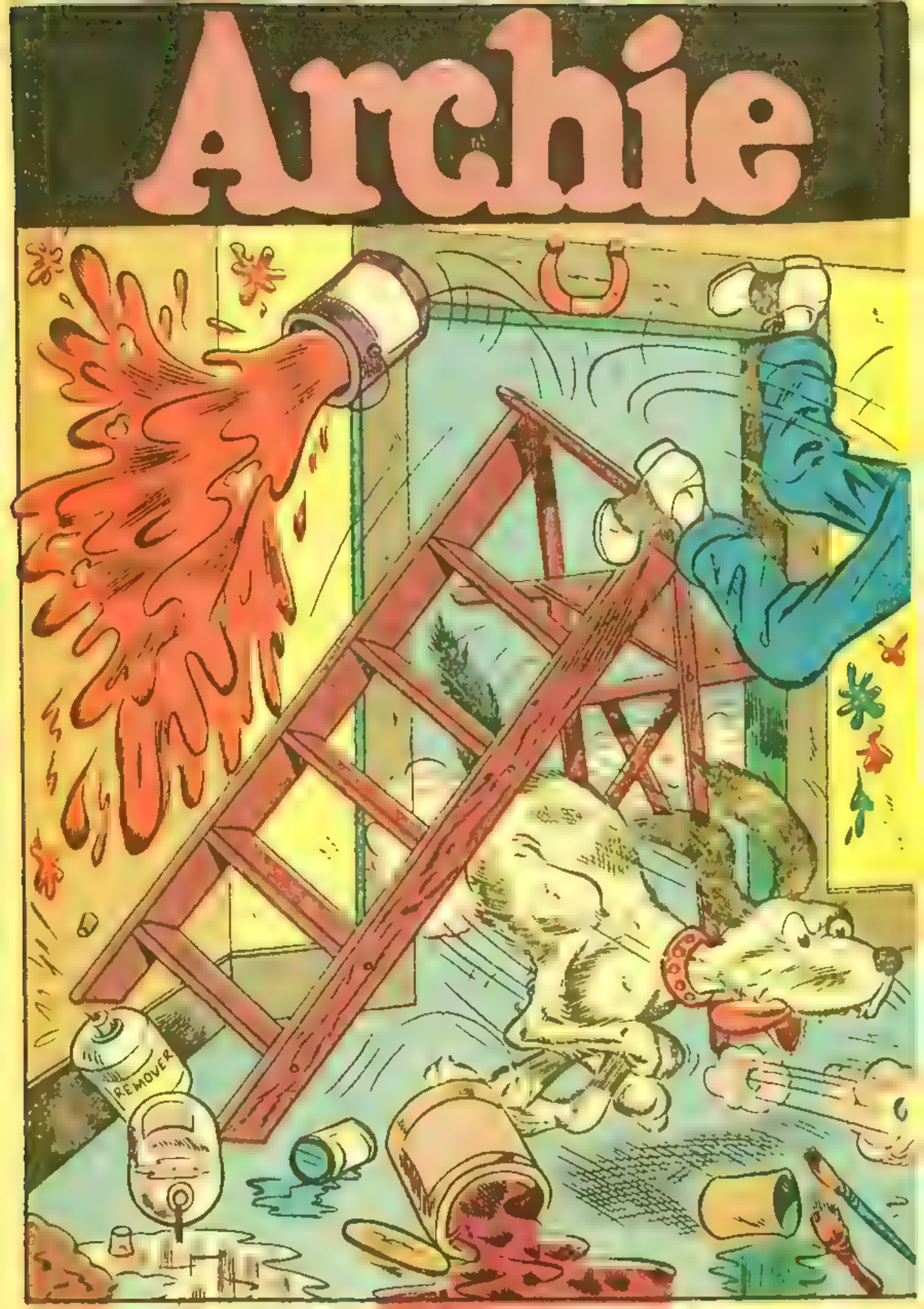
G#!!*G%*! I WOULD STEP INTO A HOLE!
BUT NEWSY GAMELY PERSISTS IN HIS LABORIOUS EFFORTS TO KEEP UP WITH THE COMMANDOS!
Oooo--MY MOTHER WARNED ME NOT TO BECOME A REPORTER!
MEANWHILE THE COMMANDOS SIGHT THEIR OBJECTIVE--
DOWN, EVERYBODY!
GET SET FOR ACTION, MEN! IS EVERYBODY HERE?
EVERYBODY, 'CEPTIN' DAT NOISY NORTON!
I KNEW HE'D FOLD WHEN DE PRESSURE WUZ ON! HE'S PROBABLY FOUND HISSELF A NICE COMFORTABLE HIDE-OUT!
OKAY, LADS! CHARGE!

THIS WAY TO THE HANGAR!
ZUM TOT COMMANDO TEUFEL!
AAIEEEEEE
WOW! THEY'RE COMIN' AT US THICK AS FLEA!
BILLY! BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!
BJ ALMOST SN'T GOOD ENOUGH!
WHA... ALMOST GOT ME.
HEAR THE ARSENAL AND FLATBUSH ARE NOT IDLE!
NOW, I LET ZEM HAVE EET, EH FLATBUSH!

WOW! SOME SHOOTIN', ARMAND! YA GOT DA MAKIN'S OF A BIG-LEAGUE PITCHER WID AN EYE LIKE DAT!
DIE PLANES! DIE VERDAMMTE COMMANDOS MUST NOT DESTROY DEM!
ZUM HANGAR MEN! MACH SCHNELL!
QUICK LADS! WE'VE GOT TO TRY AND BEAT 'EM TO THE HANGAR!
BUT THE GERMANS GET THERE FIRST, AND ...
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
TAKE COVER, MEN! WE CAN'T RUSH 'EM! THEY'LL MOW US DOWN!
C'MON, KIDS! LET'S DUCK INTO THAT FOXHOLE TEMPORARILY!

NEWSY NORTON!
HYA, GANG! HOP IN! THE WATER'S FINE! BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME!
BOY! IS THIS A STORY--OR IS THIS A STORY!
WELL, YOU MAY NEVER LIVE TO SEND IT TO YOUR PAPER!
MY ORDERS ARE TO DESTROY THAT HANGAR--AND WE DON'T GO BACK 'TIL WE DO!
HOW'S ABOUT SCOOTING THOSE PIGS OUTTA THERE WITH THOSE GRENADES!
THEY'D MOW US DOWN BEFORE WE COULD GET WITHIN THROWING DISTANCE!
HMM--IF SOMEBODY COULD GET THRU WITH THESE GRENADES I'D HAVE MY STORY HUH?
YOUR STORY! YOU CHOWDERHEAD! AT A TIME LIKE DIS---
WONDER WHAT'D HAPPEN IF I PULLED THESE PINS OUT!
DON'T YOU FOOL! YOU'LL BLOW US SKY HIGH!
S'LONG, PALS! GET MY STORY THROUGH!
NEWSY YOU--YOU CAN'T!
SCHNELL! KILL DER FOOL!

MIRACULOUSLY, NEWSY RUNS, UNSCATHED THRU A HAIL OF DEATH-----
---AND AS THE COMMANDOS WATCH BREATHLESSLY, WAITING FOR THE GRENADES TO EXPLODE, NEWSY DARTS INTO THE HANGAR, AND----
BOOM!
BACK IN ENGLAND THE NEXT DAY--
YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE FULFILLED YOUR MISSION NOBLY, CAPT. COMMANDO!
IT IS MY PLEASURE TO BESTOW ON YOU THE HIGHEST DECORATION OF THE LAND!
THANK YOU, SIR!
THIS THEN IS THE STORY BEHIND THE BURYING OF THE TYPEWRITER, NOW LET US RETURN TO THE GRAVEYARD WITH CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS!
I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS THING TO YOU NEWSY, THE GUY IT REALLY BELONGS TO!
WE JOIN WITH YOU CAPTAIN COMMANDO IN EXTENDING A TRIBUTE TO NEWSY NORTON WHO HAD ANOTHER NAME HE WAS MUCH PROUDER OF, WAR CORRESPONDENT!


Archie
REMOVER

THE PAINTER

C'MON JUG, LET'S PAINT TH' ROOMS WHILE TH' FOLKS ARE AWAY!
WELL, IF THERE WASN'T A LABOR SHORTAGE, I'D SAY, NUTS
PAINT
HOW'RE Y' GONNA GET THIS STUFF OUT WHEN WE'RE THROUGH?
THIS SOFA WILL HAVE TO STAY HERE. IT'S TOO BIG T' MOVE!
YOU TAKE ONE ROOM, JUG, AND I'LL TAKE ANOTHER!
A SMALL ONE I'LL BET!
I'LL PAINT UP TO THE DOOR AND GO THROUGH TO THE OTHER ROOM!
GULP! A CLOSET! HOW'D THAT GET THERE?
JUGHEAD!
HURRY!! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH!
RELAX ARCHIE! RELAX!

THAT'S USING A LITTLE INGENUITY, JUG
INGE... WHO? I THOUGHT IT WAS A PLANK!
I GET IT, NOW ALL I DO IS CRAWL ACROSS!
AND YOU WON'T EVEN DIRTY THE NEWLY PAINTED FLOOR!
CROSS SECTION
ULP! JUG! IT'S GOING DOWN!!
AND I'M GOING UP!
BUMP
HOLD STILL I'M GETTING OFF!
YEOW! MY HEAD!
ODF
CRASH
4

PAINT
GOSH, JUGHEAD, THE PAINT SPILLED OVER MY POP'S GOOD SUIT!
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK WE SHOULD-N'T HAVE STARTED THIS!
I'LL TRY SOME OF THIS PAINT REMOVER THAT OUGHT TO HELP!
PAINT REMOVER
YIPE!
THAT MUST BE PANTS REMOVER! LOOK AT THOSE HOLES!!
WOW! HOW'M I GONNA EX-PLAIN THIS TO POP?
YOU COULD BLAME THE MOTHS!
LET'S TRY THE UPSTAIRS.. WE MAY HAVE BETTER LUCK I HOPE!
AT LEAST WE'VE GOT THESE FLOORS PAINTED
R
MEANWHILE-
MEOWR!
?

GR-R-R
MEROWW
GRRRR-
(KEEP OUT)
?
ZIP
BAM CRASH
YI!!
PAINT PHOOEY!
GRR

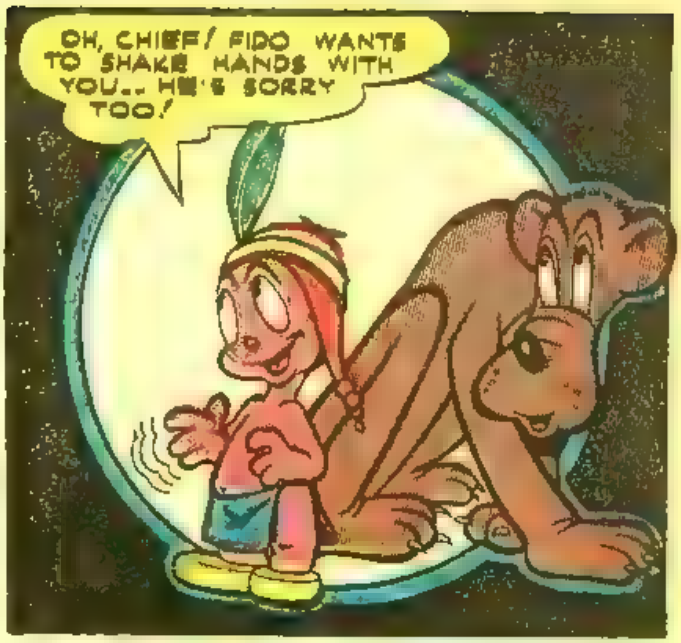
OWAH!
WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON, HERE ??
YEOW!
HEY ARCH! TURN ON TH' LIGHTS!!
R-R-RING
POP!
R
?
GOOD LORD! DID A CYCLONE HIT THIS PLACE ?
C'MON, MOTHER WE'RE GOING TO GET A ROOM AT A HOTEL IN TOWN!
NOW DON'T GET EXCITED, DEAR ARCHIE WAS ONLY TRYIN TO BE HELPFUL!
I WANT A NICE CLEAN ROOM DO YOU HAVE ONE ?
YES, SIR JUST WHAT YOU WANT!
AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT'S JUST BEEN PAINTED! WHAT.. WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM ?
!
?
PLOP
ARE YOU ARCHIES PAL ? THEN SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE A LETTER TO WJZ, N.Y.C AND TELL HIM HOW MUCH YOU LIKE HIS BROADCASTS

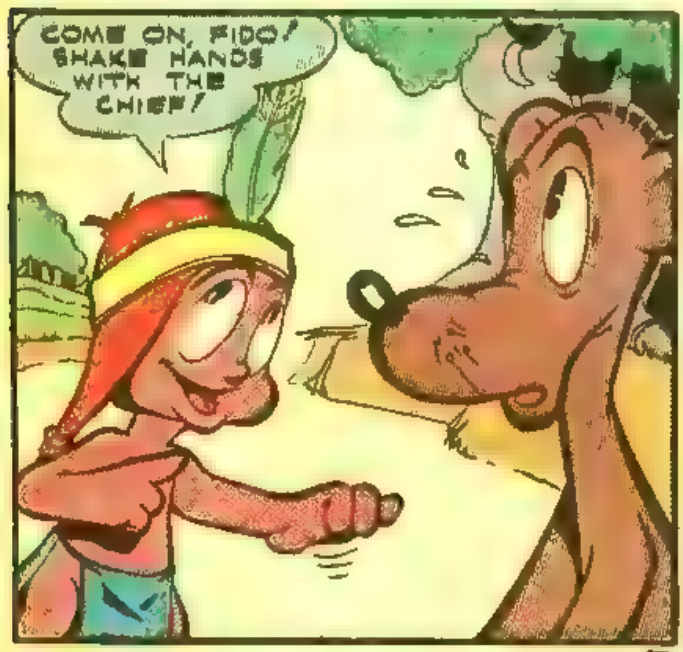
li'l chief Sugaloo
SHHHHHH.. FIDO! HERE'S A SWELL SHOT AT A TURKEY! UMMM!!
by DAVE Higgins
WATCH THIS SHOT, FIDO!

YEEOW
D.D YOU DO THAT ?!
WELL.. ER.. YOU SEE... GULP! AH... ER... YES"
OKAY, NOW ME PLAYUM TATOO ON THICK SKULL!
OH! OH!
GRRR
HEH, HEH, ACCIDENT WILL HAPPEN.. ME THINKUM YOU NO MEAN TO SHOOTUM ME! HEH.. HEH.! CUTA KID!

YOU KNOW WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING TO BECOME FRENDLY, WITH THE CHIEF! HE'S A PRETTY MPORTANT GUY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT HIM!
SAY!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!
MEDICINE MAN
I WANT THE LARGEST AND THE BEST CIGAR YOU'VE GOT!
THAT KID WON'T SMOKE ANOTHER ONE AFTER THIS... HEH, HEH!
CIGAR
THIS OUGHT TO MAKE EVERYTHING HOTSY TOTSY!
I'M SORRY ABOUT THE ARROW, MR. CHIEF! HERE MAYBE THIS CIGAR WILL HELP MAKE YOU FORGET IT!!

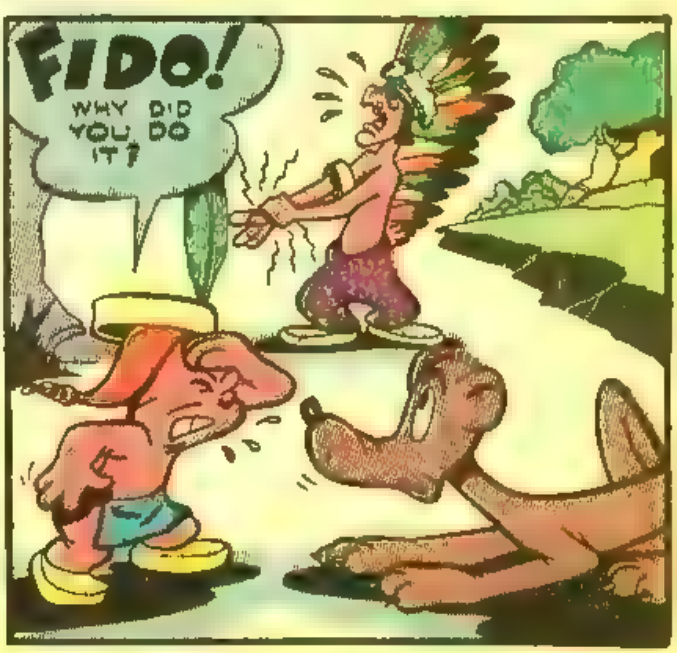
SNIFF.. SNIFF...
HMM... HIM SMELL... NOT BAD! SNIFF!


OH, CHIEF! FIDO WANTS TO SHAKE HANDS WITH YOU.. HE'S SORRY TOO!


COME ON, FIDO! SHAKE HANDS WITH THE CHIEF!

OKAY.. ME FRIENDS! SHAKUM!

OUCH!


FIDO!
WHY DID YOU DO IT?

LOOK, WHAT YOU'VE DONE NOW! YOU BETTER GO OVER AND LET HIM KNOW YOU ARE SORRY! GO, GIVE HIM A KISS!!
WHAT THA...
SKURP
GET HIM OFF! HELP!
GET OFF, DOPE!
BAM
GEE... I'M SORRY... HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO BE FRIENDLY CHIEF, HONEST!

HERE, YOU DROPPED YOUR CIGAR! GO AHEAD AND TRY IT!
C'MON, FIDO, IT'S OKAY, WE CAN GO NOW I GUESS!!
BANG
SHHHHHH...

GENIES DON'T KILL

by Maurice Howard

"SHE sat up all night with her husband's corpse," Sergeant Duffy explained. "An' this morning they found her dead."

"I'll take a look." Cone said.

The body of old Mrs. Livingston sat slumped in a chair beside the coffin—a thin little wisp of woman, almost lost in a billowing black taffeta dress. Her head dangled sidewise. Her eyes were closed, as though during this night-long, loving vigil beside her dead husband, she had fallen quietly into eternal sleep.

"So what killed her?" Sergeant Duffy said. "That's what we want to know, Mr. Cone. Doc Carter says her health was okay. People don't just die of a broken heart, you know."

"What her husband died of," Cone said, "might have something to do with it."

"He died of lobar pneumonia," the Sergeant retorted. "He might have pulled through at that, but he got cramps the last day or two."

"Cramps," Cone said, "are especially interesting."

Voices in the hall sounded behind them. "That's the relatives," Sergeant Duffy explained. "Two grandsons—they're cousins. An' a grand niece. An' there's the housekeeper. She discovered the old woman's body, about seven this morning. You want to question 'em?"

"I'll talk to them," Cone said.

But instead, he moved into the shrouded room, tall and silent, gazing down at the dead face in the coffin, and at the face of the dead woman in the chair where now a thin shaft of light from an edge of a window blind was striking to show that her bloodless lips were parted as though with a faint smile of contentment that she had gone to join her husband.

Strange detective who had no theories, few questions to ask, and who just seemed to stand staring, with the sides of his thin patrician nose dilating like the nostrils of an impatient, quivering race horse.

"The relatives," Sergeant Duffy prompted, "might be worth your attention, Mr. Cone. There's a sweet inheritance, what I hear. All share alike. An' the old housekeeper—she gets ten grand or so for a legacy."

"I'll talk to them now," Cone said. "I wonder if they're interested in Hindu magic."

The relatives were all tense, exceedingly nervous, excited. Shocked by the tragedy, of course. Surely no one, appraising them now, could have selected one of them to be guilty of a double murder. The two grandsons seemed both under thirty. John Livingston—slim, handsome, with wavy tousled black hair and a face aristocratic, as his dead grandfather's—a face grim and strained now with thin pale lips that tried to smile as he shook Cone's hand. And there was his cousin, Peter Rance—short and round and plump, with sparse pale hair plastered dankly on his beaded forehead.

The girl—Ann Livingston—was a little frightened brown dove clinging to the hand of the middle-aged housekeeper who sat beside her. All of them were frightened, as the members of any household would be with mysterious tragedy suddenly striking, and with a bullying Police Sergeant obviously anxious to fasten murder upon them.

"Do we have to go all over it again?" the handsome John Livingston protested.

"Not with me," Cone said. "Sergeant Duffy is puzzled by the death of Mrs. Livingston."

"Why wouldn't I be?" Duffy demanded.

"You would," Cone agreed. "Hindu magic is very puzzling. No one can understand it."

The housekeeper—gaunt and dour—involuntarily shifted her chair with a rasp which was startling in the tense silence. She was gazing blankly at Cone. All of them blankly stared.

"What's that mean?" the fat little Peter Rance stammered. "Who said anything about Hindu magic?"

"I did," Cone said. "I've been up the Ganges. India is very interesting. Do you suppose old Mr. Livingston was interested in Oriental occultism by any chance?"

John Livingston said: "Yes, he was. Grandfather lived in India, years ago. As a matter of fact, he met grandmother in Benares. They were married there."

"Then she believed in Hindu magic also?"

"An' it frightened her," the housekeeper said with a sudden breathless burst.

"I've heard," Cone said, "that a djinn is generally a beneficent sort of fellow. Nobody should be afraid of a djinn."

There was no one smiling. They all looked as though they were shuddering.

"Well I don't get any of this," Sergeant Duffy declared.

"We're thinking," Cone said, "that a djinn —a genie you know—may have appeared miraculously to Mrs. Livingston, last night at her vigil over her dead husband."

"And frightened her to death?" Duffy demanded. "Now say, listen——"

"I wish we could summon him tonight," Cone said. "Maybe he was there and saw what happened, who knows? I wish we could summon him and make him tell us. Let's try it, shall we?"

"You'll have an autopsy on both bodies?" Cone suggested, when presently he and the Sergeant were again alone.

"Sure. But the devil of it, Doc Carter had to go to Albany. He'll be back tomorrow and perform the autopsies then."

"Arsenic is apt to give you cramps," Cone said.

Duffy nodded. "Doc an' I both thought of that. But the old woman—"

"Didn't die of cramps. Quite true, Sergeant. Let's see what the djinn says tonight—if we can summon him."

"Mr. Cone, listen," Duffy pleaded. "Are you kiddin' me?"

"I never was more serious," Cone said.

The big hall clock was chiming midnight. There were two occupied coffins now in the little room—coffins with candle-light flickering eerily on them, flickering on the two dead faces and on the drawn faces of the living who sat silently beside them.

Only Cone was on his feet, his tall lean figure painted by the candlelight which cast multiple shadows of him monstrously shifting on the walls as he moved. It was as though in the silent breathless little room, only he and his shadows were alive.

"I'll close the door," he said softly. "If we get that djinn out of his lair, no need to let him escape."

Cone was building a small charcoal fire in the brazier now; and then from a desk in the room corner he came with brown-black sticks of incense.

"The Hindu legend as I've heard it," he was saying softly, "is that if you burn this over one who has died, the djinn imprisoned within it will come out. Did Mr. Livingston ever tell you that?"

No one answered. Then the handsome poetic-looking young John Livingston responded:

"Yes, something like that. Grandfather always said he wanted this incense burned in the brazier beside him when he had died."

"Because the djinn would come to soothe his troubled, departing spirit," Cone said.

"Mrs. Livingston promised to do it," the housekeeper said suddenly. "But it frightened her."

Redolent blue-black wisps of vapour were rising now from the big brazier as Cone ignited the incense, dropping a bundle of the little sticks on the charcoal fire.

"Come on djinn, let's have a look at you," Cone jibed. "Don't be afraid of us."

"This is crazy," young Livingston suddenly was muttering. "This is—"

His words were stricken away as a chair clattered. On his feet Peter Rance stood trembling, his rotund face suddenly ashen.

"I don't—like this," he gasped. And then he broke. "You fools—we've got to get out of here. We'll be dead, all of us! Get that door and window open—you idiots—don't you feel queer already?" He was staggering on his feet, wildly terrified, in a panic rushing for the door; but the bulky Sergeant Duffy shoved him back.

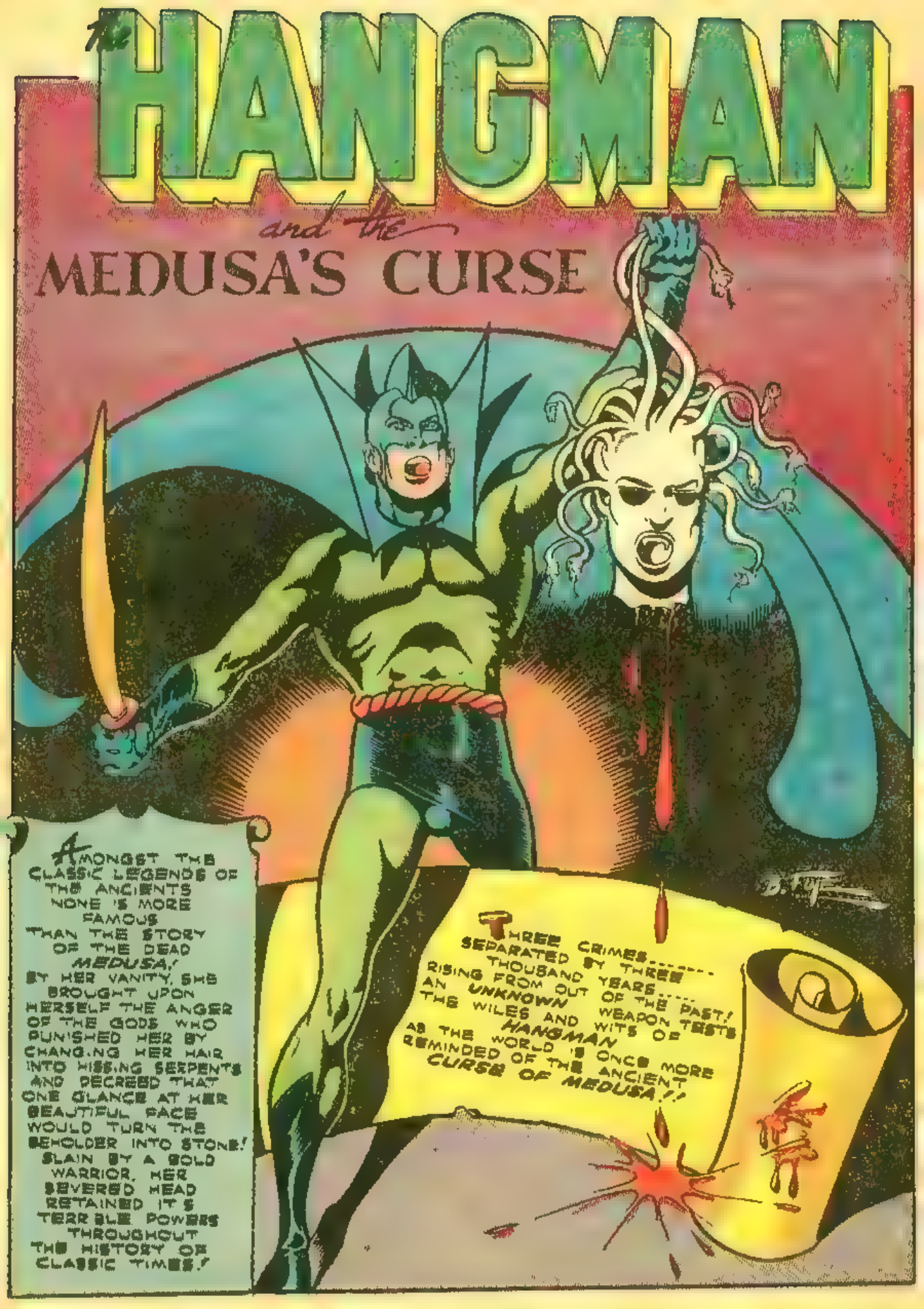
"You're ruining everything," Cone said.

"Am I? Am I? That—what you—you don't know—that's arsenic burning in that incense! The fumes of it—we'll be wafted off into death in another minute. Get us out of here, I tell you! Let me out—can't you feel your head reeling already?"

"That's terror and guilty imagination making you reel," Cone said. "That's your murderer, Sergeant. The fumes of burning arsenic are a nasty lethal dose in a small close room like this. He thinks I'm burning the incense he gave old Mrs. Livingston to burn last night."

Cone was faintly smiling now. "Fortunately, I'm not," he said.

The HANGMAN and the MEDUSA'S CURSE


AMONGST THE CLASSIC LEGENDS OF THE ANCIENTS NONE IS MORE FAMOUS THAN THE STORY OF THE DEAD MEDUSA! BY HER VANITY, SHE BROUGHT UPON HERSELF THE ANGER OF THE GODS WHO PUNISHED HER BY CHANGING HER HAIR INTO HISSING SERPENTS AND DECREED THAT ONE GLANCE AT HER BEAUTIFUL FACE WOULD TURN THE BEHOLDER INTO STONE! SLAIN BY A BOLD WARRIOR, HER SEVERED HEAD RETAINED IT'S TERRIBLE POWERS THROUGHOUT THE HISTORY OF CLASSIC TIMES!
THREE CRIMES..... SEPARATED BY THREE THOUSAND YEARS..... RISING FROM OUT OF THE PAST! AN UNKNOWN WEAPON TESTS THE WILES AND WITS OF HANGMAN AS THE WORLD IS ONCE MORE REMINDED OF THE ANCIENT CURSE OF MEDUSA!!

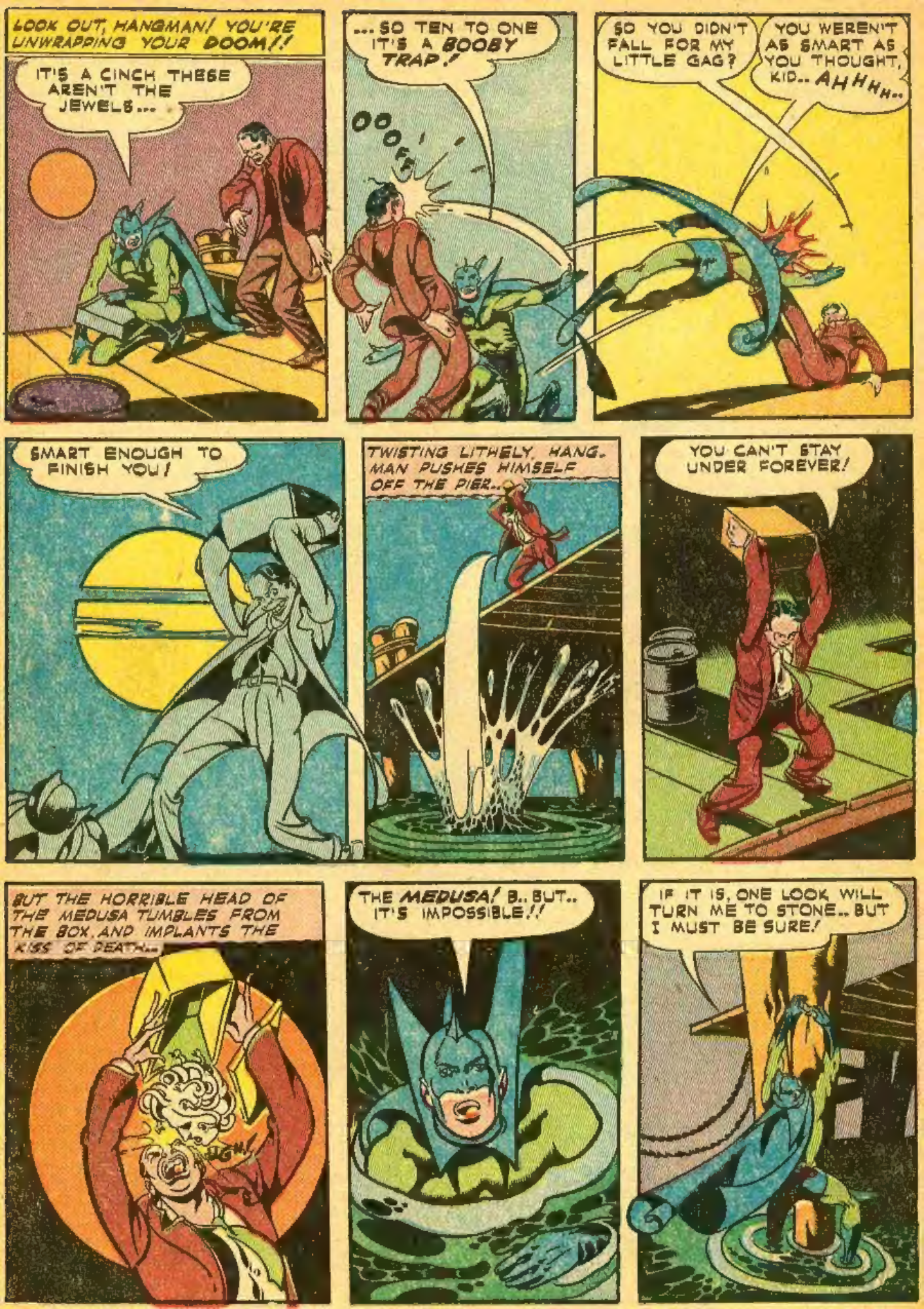
DIM LIGHTS... SHADOWS LURKING ON THE WATERFRONT.. THE SQUEAL OF GRINDING BRAKES...
STEP ON IT, LEN.. HE'S GETTING CLOSE!
SUDDENLY...
THE EXCURSION ISN'T RUNNING TONIGHT, KID!
TH... THE HANGMAN!
SO, I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A TRIP MYSELF!
IF YOU RETURN THE STUFF, I'LL SEE YOU GET A BREAK!
I'LL NEVER TALK!
YOU'RE GETTIN' DE BREAK, HANGMAN... HERE!
SLIPPED THROUGH MY HANDS AGAIN! BUT I'LL GET THAT LENNY MYERS, IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE!
A PERFECT SCORE, DERBY! WE KNOCKED OFF A JEWELRY STORE, AND ESCAPED THE HANGMAN IN THE SAME NIGHT!!
WHAT NOW, LENNY?
NOW, I'M GONNA VISIT MY OLD MAN! HE'S LONESOME FOR HIS WANDERING BOY!!
HOW TOUCHIN' WANT ME ALONG TO CASE THE JOINT FER YOU, KID?

NAH! THE OLD COOT'S POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE! WONDER WHAT HE MEANS BY THIS TELEGRAM?
WESTERN TELEGRAPH
AM DYING BECAUSE OF MEDUSA'S CURSE STOP COME HOME AT ONCE STOP MUST TELL YOU THE STORY STOP IF YOU EVER HAD A SPARK OF DECEN N YOU T S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE IT STOP
FATHER
MY OLD MAN'S A PROFESSOR, DERBY! AN ARCHAEOLOGIST!
WHO CARES! WHAT'S DIS MEDUSA'S CO SE BUSINESS?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT DOESN'T HURT TO FND OUT! I'LL GO SEE HIM BEFORE HE CROAKS!
LATER...
AH, THERE YOU ARE, LEONARD, AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!!
I CAME SOON AS I GOT HIS TELEGRAM, DOC!
HAS MY SON, LEONARD COME YET, NURSE?
HERE I AM DAD!
YOU'RE BAD, LEONARD! ALWAYS WERE! BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE MY SOUL.. AND YOUR OWN TOO!!
STOP JABBER. NG, WHAT'S ON YOUR M ND?
THIS W LL SOUND FANTASTIC, BUT IT'S TRUE. YOU KNOW THE REPUTA. T.ON I ONCE HAD AS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST! I HAD MANY FRIENDS AND ENEMIES!
"IT WAS A BITTER RIVAL, WHO SENT ME THE MOST ASTOUND NG FIND ANY ARCHAEOLOGIST EVER POSSESSED!!"
THE DOORBELL, NICHOLS!!
I'LL ANSWER T, SIR!

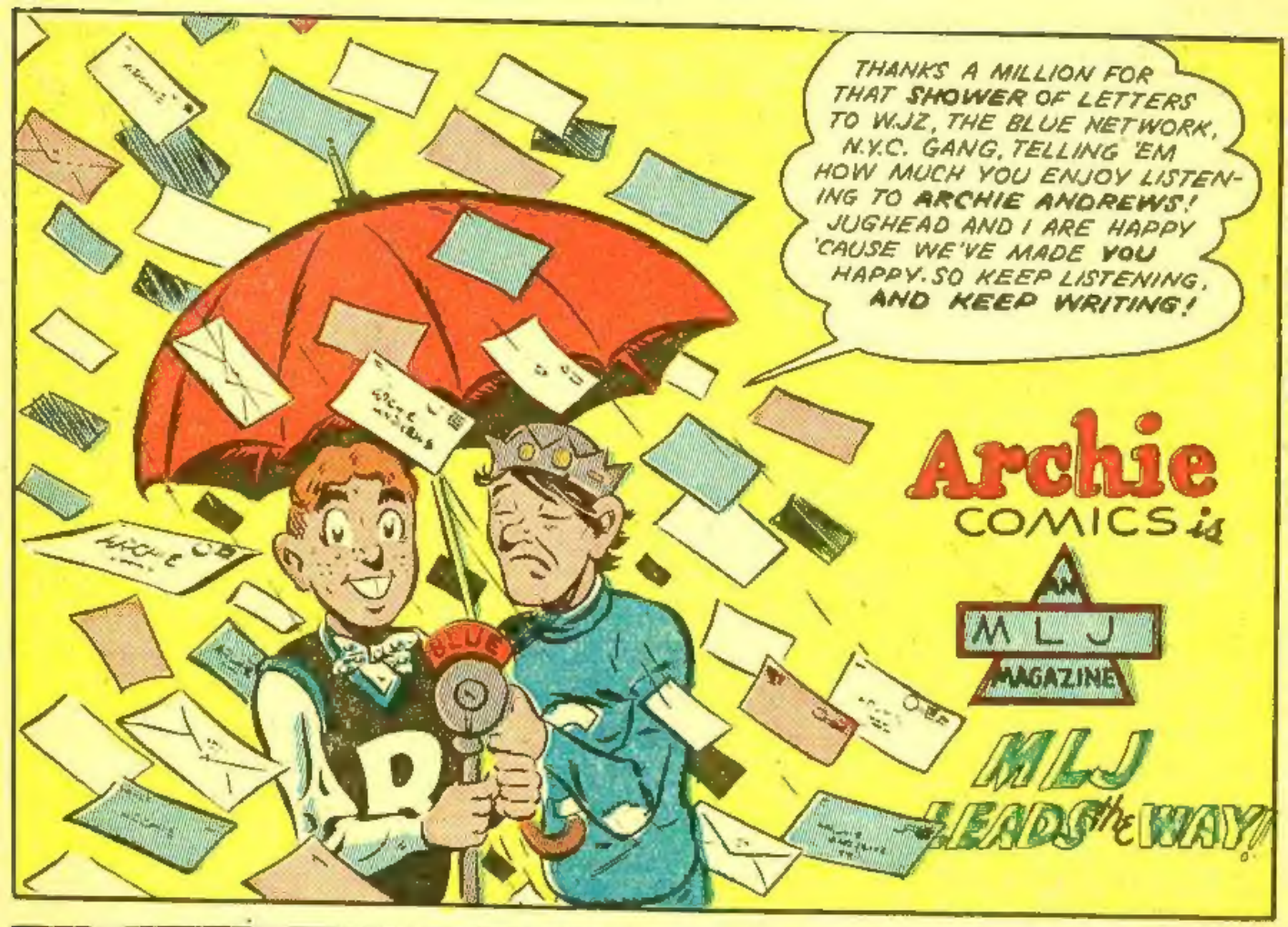
PACKAGE FOR PROF MYERS!
I ... SIGN FOR IT! MY GOODNESS...IT CAME ALL THE WAY FROM CRETE!
PROFESSOR HEMPSTED HAS SENT YOU A PACKAGE, SIR FROM CRETE SIR!
HEMPSTED? IT CAN'T BE.. HE'S JEALOUS OF MY WORK! HE HATES ME.. WELL, OPEN IT!
'NICHOLS DID, AS I ORDERED - HIS LAST ORDER!!"
IT'S A STATUE SIR.. AAAGHH...
"IN THE MIRROR I SAW WHAT HAPPENED! I WATCHED, PETRIFIED, FOR I HAD RECOGNIZED.....
... THE HEAD OF MEDUSA!!
"YES! THE MOST DREADED SPECTRE OF ANCIENT TIMES! FOR HER INSULTS TO THE GODS, MEDUSA'S HAIR HAD TURNED INTO WRITHING SERPENTS AND ANYTHING SHE LOOKED UPON HAD TURNED TO STONE
NOW, HEMPSTED HAD UNEARTHED THE CURSED HEAD AND SENT IT TO ME! CAUTIOUSLY I APPROACHED WITHOUT LOOKING AT IT! I HELD MY JACKET BEFORE MY EYES AS I APPROACHED IT WITH STARK TERROR .....
IT'S INCREDIBLE THAT THE HEAD SHOULD RETAIN SUCH POWER, AFTER SO MANY CENTURIES!
COVERING THE HEAD WITH MY JACKET I REPLACED IT IN THE BOX AND HASTILY SUMMONED A DOCTOR!!"
IT'S A CLEAR CASE OF HEART FAILURE, PROFESSOR!
HEART FAILURE... HMMM... YES!
SINCE THAT DAY, I'VE BEEN A BROKEN MAN! TORN BETWEEN THE DESIRES OF DESTROYING THIS HORRIBLE HEAD, OR TRYING TO STUDY IT AS A SCIENTIST! NOW, IT IS TOO LATE FOR ME TO DO EITHER!

YOU... YOU MUST DESTROY IT FOR.. FOR ME,! P... PROMISE ME L.. LEONARD... AAAAHHH..
HE'S DEAD!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
SO, THIS IS THE MEDUSA'S HEAD! WHAT A CRAZY YARN! THE OLD GUY MUST HAVE GONE NUTS IN HIS OLD AGE!!
SO, YA FINALLY GOT BACK.. IS DAT DE OLD MAN'S MAZUMA?
WHAT'S IT TO YOU? I M THE BOSS HERE, AND I DON T ANSWER QUESTIONS!
IZZAT SO? FAT LOT O' GOOD YOUR BOSSIN S DONE US! DE HANGMAN'S SO HOT ON OUR TAIL, WE CAN'T EVEN TAKE OUR SHOES OFF!!
HOW LONG YA THINK IT'LL BE BEFORE HE NABS US?
HMM.. MM.. MM... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, DERBY....
.. SURE.. I GUESS YOU OUGHT TO TAKE OVER FOR A WHILE.. GO AHEAD.. TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BOX!
NOW, YOU'RE TALKIN' KID,! MY IDEA IS, TO LAY LOW.. HUH— WHAT'S THIS?
GNNNNNNNN..
IT WORKS! I WON'T BE TROUBLED BY THAT LAME BRAIN ANYMORE!!

SO! THE HANGMAN'S HOT ON MY TAIL, EH? WELL, I'LL SEE THAT HE CATCHES UP WITH ME..AND I KNOW WHERE HE'S SURE TO LOOK!
THE WILY KILLER RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS ESCAPE.....
HANGMAN WON'T FORGET TO CHECK THE CAR FOR CLUES.....
AND A SHORT WHILE LATER..
..NOT A TRACE OF THEM.. THE KID'S CLEVER BUT HE MUST HAVE LEFT SOME CLUE ... SAY! WHO'S THAT?
I'VE GOT YOU NOW!
DON'T BE A SAP HANGMAN.. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
NO TRICKS, NOW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I FIGURE I'LL GET A BREAK IF I GIVE MYSELF UP!
SEE.. I BROUGHT THE JEWELS BACK.. HERE...
SO YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT, EH? THAT'S SMART...
YOU DON'T KNOW YET HOW SMART!
I DON'T TRUST HIM.. WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO.. WELL, I MAY AS WELL LOOK INTO THIS!


LOOK OUT, HANGMAN! YOU'RE UNWRAPPING YOUR DOOM!!
IT'S A CINCH THESE AREN'T THE JEWELS...
...SO TEN TO ONE IT'S A BOOBY TRAP!
OOOFF!
SO YOU DIDN'T FALL FOR MY LITTLE GAG?
YOU WEREN'T AS SMART AS YOU THOUGHT, KID.. AHHHH..
SMART ENOUGH TO FINISH YOU!
TWISTING LITHELY, HANG-MAN PUSHES HIMSELF OFF THE PIER..
YOU CAN'T STAY UNDER FOREVER!
BUT THE HORRIBLE HEAD OF THE MEDUSA TUMBLES FROM THE BOX, AND IMPLANTS THE KISS OF DEATH...
UGH!
THE MEDUSA! B.. BUT.. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!!
IF IT IS, ONE LOOK WILL TURN ME TO STONE.. BUT I MUST BE SURE!

HARMLESS.. AS I THOUGHT! YET HE EXPECTED IT TO KILL ME, AND IT DID KILL HIM!
YES! THESE LITTLE BARBS DID IT.. I'LL STAKE MY LIFE THAT THEY'RE POISONED! BUT BY WHOM? THE KID WOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF IT!!
THE TWENTY YEARS OLD BOX TELLS ITS FATAL TALE...
PROFESSOR HEMPSTED.. HE'S THE FAMOUS ARCHAEOLOGIST.. MAYBE HE CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS!
FROM: PROF. H.E. HEMPSTED ATHENS HOTEL CRETE
TO: PROF. N. MYERS 1432 GRANT ST.
NEXT DAY..
HANGMAN.. THIS IS QUITE AN HONOR.. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
A LITTLE PROFESSIONAL ADVICE PROFESSOR HEMPSTED!
I JUST WANTED TO FIND OUT, IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT...
..THIS!
E-E-E-EE! DON'T TOUCH ME!
YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS, PROF. HEMP. STED!
NO! NO! I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT I WAS DOING! I WAS MAD WITH JEALOUSY! I WANTED TO BE RID OF MYERS!!
WAIT! I'LL TELL! IT'S A STONE STATUE I FOUND IN CRETE! I PUT A RARE POISON ON THE SHARP BARBS, HOPING TO KILL PROFESSOR MYERS, BY RECREATING THE CURSE OF MEDUSA!
SOMETHING WENT WRONG.. HE DIDN'T DIE.. BUT IT WAS ALMOST AS GOOD! HE RETIRED AND SINCE THEN I HAVE HAD ALL THE HONORS!
MYERS HAS WON AFTER ALL! THE CURSE I CREATED HAS COME BACK TO HAUNT ME.. BUT I'LL BE FREE OF IT NOW!
WAIT! DON'T JUMP!
AAIEEEE!
HE ESCAPED THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE! BUT HE PAID THE PRICE OF HIS OWN EVIL! AS ALL EVIL DOERS EVENTUALLY MUST!!


THANKS A MILLION FOR THAT SHOWER OF LETTERS TO WJZ, THE BLUE NETWORK, N.Y.C. GANG, TELLING 'EM HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY LISTENING TO ARCHIE ANDREWS! JUGHEAD AND I ARE HAPPY 'CAUSE WE'VE MADE YOU HAPPY. SO KEEP LISTENING, AND KEEP WRITING!
BLUE
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You Certainly Told the Truth

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